

# A very Lamentable and woful discours of the

fierce fluds, whiche lately flowed in Bedfordshire, in Lincolnshire, and in many other places, with the great losses of sheep and other Cattel. The v. of October.

Anno Domini 1570.

**A**ll faithful harts come waile  
Com rent your garments gay:  
Els nothing can preuaile,  
To turn Gods wrath away.

**O**f waters fierce and fel,  
And fluds both huge and hie:  
You may report and tel:  
Of places far and nye.

**O**f Monsters very rare,  
That are vnseemly bozne:  
Whiche dooth at large declare,  
We liue as men forlozne.

**W**e lye and linger still,  
We wander quite astray.  
We want true Christians skill,  
To guide vs in the way.

**F**ul strange vnseemly sights,  
We may beholde and see:  
What misdefourmed wights,  
Of women bozne there bee.

**O**use bridge was lately lost,  
By force of rozing streame:  
Which many acrowne hath cost,  
In this our English realme.

**W**hy should I make delay,  
Reciting of such acts:  
What need I more to say,  
Of vice and worldly facts?

**A**s erst I did pretend,  
So forward wil I glide:  
To tel the totall end,  
What hapned at this tide.

**B**y rushing riuers late,  
In Bedford town no nap:  
Full many a woful state,  
May peeld to fast and pray.

**A**t twelue a clock at night,  
It flowde with such a hie:  
Pea many a woful wight,  
Did swim in naked bed.

**A**mong the rest there was,  
A woful widow sure:  
Whome God did bying to passe,  
The death she did procure.

**W**idow Spencer by name,  
A sleep she beeing fast.  
The flud so rashly came,  
That she aloft was cast.

**W**hiche seeing started vp,  
Regarding small her self:  
She leapt beside her bed,  
And so she drowned her self.

**T**he houses very strong,  
The cattel great and small:  
Were quickly laid along,  
And so they perisht all.

**T**he Geldings tall and bzaue,  
In stables rashly roules,  
The Church was ouer flowed,  
In Bedford named Poules,

**T**he Gardens round about,  
The sheep in marche or feeld:  
The riner was so stout,  
They knew not where to sheeld.

**T**he Kine and Oren so,  
Were all drowned by force,  
They wist not what to doo:  
It had so small remorfe.

**L**ord this flud was strange,  
And none occation why:  
The wether did not chaunge,  
The winde was nothing hie.

**T**here was no stoz of raine,  
But very little sure:  
That we should thus sustaine,  
The losse we did indure.

**T**he Arke of father Noe,  
Was had in minde as than:  
When God did cleue destroy,  
Bothe woman childe and man.

**B**ut that he promis made,  
When he did heer remaine:  
The world should neuer bade,  
By waters force againe.

**E**ls would we then haue thought,  
The dreadfull day of doome:  
Had been bothe shape and wrought,  
To drown vs all and some.

**U**pon the Saboth day,  
We were amased all:  
In Church we could not pray  
But in the Iudgement hall.

**W**e all assembled there,  
With prayers moste deuout:  
To God with many a tere,  
To tame this riuier stout.

**N**o horse nor man could passe,  
Of busines small or post:  
For issue none there was,  
No way but to be lost.

**I**n Bedford town I knowe,  
This many a scoze of peeres:  
Did neuer riuers flowe,  
To bying vs in suche feares.

**B**y chaunce I came in place,  
This great mischaunce to tel:  
To end our crooked race,  
What fortune late befel.

**W**hiche tale no sooner doon,  
Two men along did walke,  
Set wirt vs wee begon,  
To raise som further talke.

**W**hat Cuntrey men they were,  
I did request to knowe:  
They said of Lincolnshire,  
The certen truth is so.

**Q**uod they your losse is small,  
But one hath lost her life,  
He askt what dame she was,  
I said one Spencers wife.

**I**n Lincolnshire (he said),  
We haue sustained great losse,  
Our stomacks are decayde,  
That late so frolick was.

**O**ur Cattel in like race,  
Are drowned and cast away,  
For oure offence in euery place,  
The dum beasts truly pay.

**W**e haue not scaped so,  
Bothe widow, man, and wife,  
Since first this flud did flowe,  
Haue gained losse of life.

**W**hen that the water least,  
As I and more doo knowe,  
Ther did from skies descend,  
A great and greuous snowe.

**A**nd so we parted then,  
Bewailing bothe togither.  
Like pooz and out cast men,  
This sudden chaunge of wether.

**I**n vs therfore for shame,  
Let vice no more be seene:  
and eke our selues so frame  
To serue a right our Queen.

finis. 2 Richard. Carlton.

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